

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.
Publication Office:
714 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.
Entered as second-class matter, October 3, 1906, at
the post-office at Washington, D. C., under act of
Congress of March 3, 1879.
SCOTT C. BONE, Editor.
H. H. Merrell, Treasurer and Business Manager
Charles C. Archibald, Advertising Manager
Ernest Cunningham, Auditor
Charles C. Thompson, Mechanical Superintendent
Telephone Main 3350. (Private Branch Exchange.)
The Washington Herald is delivered by carrier in
the District of Columbia and at Alexandria, Va.,
at 5 cents per month, daily and Sunday, or at
\$5 cents per month without Sunday issue.

Subscription Rates by Mail.
Daily and Sunday.....\$5.00 per month
Daily and Sunday.....\$1.25 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....\$3.00 per month
Daily, without Sunday.....\$3.00 per year
No attention whatever will be paid to anonymous
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will be printed except under the name of the writer.
Manuscripts offered for publication will be
returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent
with the manuscript for that purpose.
All communications intended for this paper,
whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should
be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.
New York Office, Nassau-Berkman Bldg., LaCote &
Maxwell, Managers.
Chicago Office, Marquette Bldg., LaCote &
Maxwell, Managers.
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1906.

The Ship-Subsidy Lobby.
Among the current items of news is one
to the effect that the possibility of ship-
subsidy legislation at the forthcoming
session of Congress has brought to the
Capital the advance guard of a small
army of ship-subsidy lobbyists.
There is no doubt that the bill for the
encouragement and development of mer-
cantile marine interests, which passed the
Senate during the last session, will have
strong and legitimate and influential
backing at the Capitol this winter. Sec-
retary Root's elaborate presentation of
the subject to Western audiences ques-
tionably forwarded the administration
attitude on this important measure, the
merits of which have been thoroughly gone
over in reports, messages, and addresses
and the debates in both Houses of Con-
gress.

What, then, do the ship-subsidy lobby-
ists hope to accomplish by the exercise of
their arts and accomplishments in fur-
thering the passage of a bill to which
administration is committed in advance?
Would it not be on their part to re-
strain their activities?
Their objection upon the field of legis-
lation, a field which belongs legitimately
to members of Congress, may do the
cause of the merchant marine more harm
than good. In fact, it is bound to have
that effect.
The proposition has been discredited and
damaged in the past by just such meth-
ods.

The wonder of it is that Senator-elect
Jeff Davis didn't think to designate his
forthcoming row in the Senate as "stir-
ring up the monkeys."

A Philadelphia contemporary says: "The
country needs another Webster." Noah,
or Daniel?

Editors in Politics.
Col. J. H. Estill, editor of the Savannah
News, has brought suit against the At-
lanta Journal for \$50,000 damages for al-
leged defamation of character during the
late hotly contested Georgia gubernatorial
campaign. Col. Estill declares that the
Journal grossly libeled him by charging
that he bought votes for himself for gov-
ernor during the progress of the election
before which he was a candidate for chief
magistrate of the State.
We hope that the other four erstwhile
candidates in that unsurpassed mud-col-
lecting campaign will not attempt to collect
damages. It might cause wholesale bank-
ruptcy. Mr. Hoke Smith, the winner, as-
serted that if all that was said of the
candidates one-tenth were true, none of
them would do for governor, but all
ought to be in the penitentiary. Many
unkind and untrue things were said about
Col. Estill, Mr. Howell, Mr. Smith, and
the rest. Col. Estill is wealthy and would
not care for any monetary compensation
for his wounded feelings. He most em-
phatically needs no court decision to at-
test his high-mindedness and honorable
standing among Georgians, or among his
wide circle of acquaintances throughout
the land.

We believe that people generally rather
resent the participation of editors in pol-
itics, personally. We have no sort of
doubt that Mr. Clark Howell was serious-
ly handicapped in his race for governor
of Georgia by reason of being the editor
of the Atlanta Constitution. The same
may be said of Mr. Hearst in the New
York campaign. If misguided ones will
insist upon entering the lists, however,
they should be prepared to receive all the
hard knocks coming, and, if defeated,
"take their medicine like men." People
do not accept campaign charges, unless
emphatically and unmistakably sustained,
with any degree of seriousness. We are
uninformed as to the exact nature of
Col. Estill's complaint. No doubt his feel-
ings have been greatly hurt. But we are
quite sure that his good name remains
untarnished.

It makes no difference with the Presi-
dent whether he is firing a gun, a battle
ships' boilers, or an obstreperous official,
he believes in making a clean job of it.

Reformed Spelling in Congress.
Far be it from the functions, charac-
ter, or desire of this newspaper to be a
prophet of evil. We love peace and har-
mony and sweet concord. At the same
time, our sense of responsibility impels
us to herald coming events, whether they
be of pleasant or unpleasant nature.
Thus, we foretold several weeks ago
of the trouble in store over the attempt
to reform the orthography of the language.
We saw the storm gathering, and we
gave warning. Now it is about to break
upon this town in full fury, and its clam-
or, if we mistake not the signs of the
times, will stir the nation.
The legislative department holds the
national purse strings, the executive de-
partment controls the driving power—and
a tremendous driving power it is at pre-
sent—and the judiciary department is the
arbitrator between the two. Already the
judiciary department has sternly frowned
upon the activities of the Amalgamated
Association of Reformed Spellers, Lim-
ited, financed by Andrew Carnegie.
Hereafter, when the executive depart-
ment addresses the judiciary in written
or printed speech it will not mutilate the
language, or leastwise it has promised
not to do so. And now the legislative
department is taking hold of this great
question. Hesitatingly, the Committee on
Appropriations of the House is approach-
ing the issue. From the chairmanship of
that committee the present Speaker was
chosen. He knows the committee's pow-
er and he knows the House's power, as

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE ETERNAL PROBLEM.

You've known a man down town for
years; his wife you've never met.
He brings her in your place one day and
then a shock you get.
The mental pictures you had drawn you
find in error were,
And as they leave you wonder what he
ever saw in her.

You've known a girl from boyhood days,
in fact, throughout your life.
One day you chance to meet her with the
chap who calls her wife.
You note his awkward, clumsy ways, his
visage stern and grim,
And as you part you wonder what she
ever saw in him.

This is the way it always goes, my friends
of either sex.
No doubt this question often comes your
loving friends to vex.
When you present your wife or husband,
as one is apt to do,
'Tis very like they wonder what your
partner saw in you.

Recommence.
"We members of the upper house have
to take lots of chaff," remarked Senator
Grabbal.
"That's so," replied Senator Klutch, "but
we also manage to pick up a few kernels
of wheat occasionally. Eh, boy?"

A Double Wrench.
"Well, we've married Mabel to a French
count."
"I suppose you hated to part with your
girl?"
"Yes; an' I hated to part with that mil-
lion dollars, but the wimmen folks would
have it."

Putting it Off.
Now is my joy
Without alloy.
Each dawn I rise and say:
My work I'll drop
And start to-morrow
To-morrow or next day."

Would Hardly Do.
"How can we keep our brides from be-
coming disillusioned?"
"I don't know. Drowning them before
they get their eyes opened is the only
thing I can suggest."

Of Course.
Quoth Lush: "I had lots of dough,
I'd be a drunkard, don't you know."
"Indeed you'd not," said Jock Black.
"You'd be a diplomat."

Should Be the One.
"She says that one can live quite well
on forty a week."
"Well?"
"What am I going to do? Merely exist?"

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

ART IN WINDY CANYON.
Don Spaghetti Macaroni was the foreign
singer's name.
And the papers had been crowded with
their tributes to his fame;
When he came to Windy Canyon with his
wife and troupe.

Why, you know we bought the tickets for
the concert with a whoop.
But before the show was given, Don Spa-
ghetta took a walk—
He had dusted his complexion with a lot
of powdered chalk,
And he'd greased up his mustache and
had twisted up his curls,
And he strolled along quite gayly, taking
side looks at the girls.

Soon he saw a comely dame, which her
name was Hazel Green,
And she's possibly the finest that a
country can produce—
Don Spaghetti Macaroni paused and
whispered soft to her,
And he shuffled both his eyebrows when
she blushed and stammered "Sir!"

Don Spaghetti Macaroni turned on all his
winning smiles,
But the lady wasn't caring for such
operatic styles—
So he slipped his arm around her and he
tried to give a kiss.
When the marshal grabbed him suddenly
and clapped him in the jug.

Then the pot began to boil, and from
the crowd across the sea
Came a howl of awful horror that such
things as this could be.
"Don Spaghetti Macaroni, my wife will
rise and take your part."
Came the message, "for the folks in
Windy Canyon love no art."

And Spaghetti Macaroni, from the bosom
of his cell,
Criticism of his manners and, he
criticized them well.
Said we laughers here in darkness, that
our weak artistic taste
Showed that all our nobler feelings had
gone hopelessly to waste.

So, 'twas me and Toothless Tuttle, One-
eyed Jones, and Peg-leg Pete
Held an earnest conversation on the cor-
ner of the street,
And we got a bag of feathers and a kettle
full of tar.

"He will see," said Toothless Tuttle,
"what real artists we folks are."
Don Spaghetti Macaroni, just before the
crack of day,
In a suit of black and feathers hastened
out upon his way,
And we said unto him kindly, just before
he took his start:
'Tis a hasty job of painting, but we've
shown our love of art."

OLD MAN CIDDLES OBSERVES.
Many a man who yearns for a meer-
schaum pipe does not know that his pink-
and-yellow necktie was bought at a bar-
gain sale last July.
Not only do we give a great many pres-
ents we cannot afford, but we accept
quite a lot that we cannot afford to re-
ceive.
Holiday hints in the ads, like the ones
in ordinary conversation, are always put
in big type.

Now is the time of year to begin
watching grandparents to prevent them
giving the children Gating guns and
dynamite as Christmas gifts.
This is also the time of year when the
man who knows perfectly well what his
wife wants tries to get her to intimate
that she would really like something that
costs less.

Don't lose your temper with the floor
walker; and don't go up to him and ex-
press sympathy for him, either. A man
in his position wants neither argument
nor sympathy.
No wonder Santa Claus is jolly; he
never has to pay for the things he
brings.

If you are already in doubt as to what
faults to correct the first of the year, ask
any of your friends.
WILBUR NESBIT.
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Inhabitant Insects.
From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Says the Washington Herald: "Cleve-
land (Ohio) schools will have an 'old-
fashioned spelling bee.' By the way,
would a simplified spelling bee by a
spellless one or just spelling 'by'?"
These newcomers are not in the same
hive.

None of Cupid's Affairs.
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
The salaries of the men in Goldfield are
so high that when a man marries his cook
no one will believe it a love match.

Seeing and Hearing.
They thought they were "blind to the faults of others."
As some young people claim.
Their ears kept getting longer.
Through listening to the same.
—Philadelphia Press.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Cleveland for the Senate?

A member of the faculty of Princeton
University, who is a close friend of
Grover Cleveland and who was in Wash-
ington a few days ago, says that the
ex-President has no desire whatever to
be elected to the Senate. Moreover, he
states that Mr. Cleveland has let this
be known in quarters where it will be
most effective in checking whatever
strength there may be in the movement
now in progress to have the New Jersey
legislature elect him to succeed Sen-
ator Dryden. The legislator who met
in Trenton in January is Republican by
a narrow margin, and it seems that Mr.
Cleveland's election is considered within
the pale of the probabilities if he would
consent to the use of his name as a
compromise candidate. But it appears
that he will not do this. His friend
represents the ex-President as being too
well contented with his present condition
to risk a change. He has found at
Princeton that quiet and repose and
domesticity that suits his tastes. His
neighbors are persons of refinement and
cultivation. There is not a vulgar, greedy
money-grubber among them. Mr.
Cleveland is tired of the strife and sel-
fishness and decay, on a par with
maintaining a live interest in public af-
fairs, he has no desire whatever again
personally to participate in them. He
has attained the highest honors in the
gift of his countrymen, and now all he
wants is to be permitted to pass the
remainder of his days in the society of
those he likes. His gracious wife, too,
does not wish him again to enter pub-
lic life. The wholesome social atmo-
sphere of Princeton is entirely congenial
to her—much more so than that of any
other part of the country.

Mr. Lodge's Swell Trap.
The Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, student,
litterateur, and statesman, has dazed
Washington with the very swellest trap
of the season. It is of the high pattern,
built upon spider lines, and is drawn by
a couple of dark boys that are large
enough to pull the heaviest loaded drag.
But they are high-steppers, and proud
as peacocks. The Senator, when driving
in this trap, is sitting upon his left
about the heightiest of tiger seats
in this community for many a moon, and
the uniform the tiger wears is a bright
navy blue, decorated with rows of brass
buttons that shimmer in the sunlight
almost like mirrors. The Massachusetts
statesman uses this trap in making his
daily rounds of the departments, and
the swagger turn-out has created a dis-
tinct sensation in the capital.

Cockrell in Failing Health.
The reports as to the health of former
Senator Francis Marion Cockrell, now a
member of the Interstate Commerce
Commission, are not reassuring to his
friends. The distinguished Missourian
suffered a breakdown about a month ago
from which he is not recovering as rap-
idly as his friends wish. In the past week,
however, his family have noticed some
improvement, and they are encouraged to
believe that he will be strong enough to
leave his residence about the end of the
week. He has stuck close to his residence
in Washington since the breakdown oc-
curred, and for the first time in more
than thirty years was unable to go out
to his old home at Warrensburg to vote.
Senator Cockrell is in his seventy-third
year, and until the present attack has en-
joyed robust health. For more than
thirty years he has been the hardest
worker in the public life. Several
years ago his physicians warned him to
perform less labor, but he disregarded
this admonition, and even now his family
have a hard time to keep him from over-
working himself. He has not gone to the
office of the Interstate Commerce Com-
mission for a month, but insists upon do-
ing a certain amount of official work at
his residence every day, including Sun-
day. Apropos of his indefatigable energy,
of his gluttony for duty, and of his
lawyer, who for many years has occupied
a residence immediately behind the Cock-
rell home, and who himself burns the mid-
night oil to a late hour, says that he has
never been able to get a good night's
sleep. For years this lawyer every night
has seen the light burning in the Senator's
"den," which is the rear room on the second floor, until
after 1 a. m. "How much later than this
he sits up and reads," says the lawyer,
"for I make it a rule never to go to bed later than that hour,
but when Senator Cockrell is in town I
have never seen his light turned out at
any waking hour. I have seen it when I
have waked up at 2 and 3 o'clock in the
morning. I have seen his light still burning
and his form bent over his desk. I have
never met him, but I have been predict-
ing that he would kill himself with work."

Sulzer and the Seeds.
No statesman looks more carefully
after the interests of his constituents
than does the Hon. William Sulzer. He
represents the most densely populated
district in the United States, his bailiwick
embracing the very heart of the
congested East Side of New York. There
is no plot of ground in his district re-
motely resembling a garden, but this fact
does not deter him from taking his full
quota of garden seed produced by his
paternalistic government and distributing
them among his constituents. A friend
of his, who is the proprietor of a model
tenement house in the district, button-
holed him lately with a complaint, "Look
here, Sulzer," he said, "I want you to
cut out the seed business. 'Tis the limit."
"Why, what's the matter?" asked the
astonished Sulzer, who explained that
he had sent the seed because he thought
his tenement house constituents might
plant the seeds in boxes on the window
sills and fire escapes and raise flowers
and other rare plants.

"Oh, you meant all right," replied the
friend, "but when I visited my tenement
garden the other day, I saw that about
ten families were raising cucumbers, cu-
cumbers and tomatoes in the bath tubs."

Burton Causes Uneasiness.
Advocates of the ship-subsidy bill would
be happier if they could only learn what
is going on in the intellects of the Hon.
Theodore E. Burton with respect to
that measure. Mr. Burton has never fa-
vored the scheme heretofore, and at this
time he occupies a more important and
strategic position than ever before, al-
though whether he will assert his power
against the bill is not definitely known.
He is chairman of the House Committee
on Rivers and Harbors, and a part of
the scheme of the ship-subsidy interests
has been to attract votes for river and harbor
appropriations at the approaching ses-
sion. Should Mr. Burton be so minded, he
could completely checkmate this move by
withholding his support in committee
from river and harbor items that are
suspected of representing votes for the
subsidy. He is one of the most inde-
pendent members on the Republican side
of the House. Nobody controls or bosses
him, not even the puissant Uncle Joe, but
as the latter has not been enamored in
the past of the ship-subsidy scheme, he
may quietly encourage the Ohio state-
man to throw the full weight of his in-
fluence against it. Mr. Burton, though
representing a highly protected consti-
tency, that of Cleveland, is about as in-
dependent on the tariff as on other ques-
tions of great concern to the big spec-
ulators, and it is thought to be not im-
probable that he may openly ally him-
self with the revisionists at this session.

WOMAN AT THE SORBONNE.

Mme. Curie Makes Her Debut as a Lecturer on Radio-Active Activity.

Paris Letter to Fall Mail Gazette.
For the first time in the long and glori-
ous history of the Sorbonne we have seen
a woman installed as professor. That
woman is none other than the distin-
guished Mme. Curie, so closely associated
with her husband in the discovery of that
singular substance which has received the
name of radium. Mme. Curie, who met with
a particularly cruel death in the streets
of Paris some time ago, was regarded
by the French government as the actual
discoverer of radium, but on the great
occasion when the world of savants as-
sembled to do him honor in the amphi-
theater of the Sorbonne he freely ac-
knowledged the large part that his gifted
helpmeet had taken in the preparatory
work, and in those researches that led
ultimately to the discovery. Indeed, Mme.
Curie was so little behind her distin-
guished husband that she is regarded by
some books of reference as the actual dis-
coverer. This is the remarkable woman
who has been appointed by the University
of Paris to lecture on radio-active sub-
stances.

The new professor is still a young wom-
an. She is of the pure type of Pole, slim
in figure and light of hair. You imme-
diately note the high frontal development,
the gray-blue eyes, seemingly sunk far
into the head, and of a great softness of
expression. The nose is well marked, the
mouth firm, and the chin indicative of a
strong will. She was already a doctor of
science when she married Prof. Curie. It
was the similarity of the studies they
were pursuing that first awakened the
current of sympathy between the young
Polish girl, Mile. Sklodowska, and the
young and modest chemist.

IT WAS A LONG HUNT.

Truthful Hunter Was Chased from August to January.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

After more logs had been thrown on the
fire and pipes lighted, the talk drifted
around to the Middle Fork of the Amer-
ican River and country roundabout. "The
strongest remembrance I have of that
country is of the big grizzly that chased
me out," said Bill Bailey.

"I was a pickin' wild strawberries up on
the side of the mountain when some peb-
bles, dirt, and one thing and another
came a-catchin' down; you all know
how it is on a side hill when something
heavy is movin' above you. I looked up
and I saw it was a grizzly. I was a whop-
in' big grizzly a-sneakin' me; yes, sir, I
saw the sneak at right up on me. I ought
to see me go down that mountain; I'll
bet my tracks was a red apart, and in
some places I didn't leave no tracks; I
jest nacherally went through the air. But
the bear was hittin' only his right place.
You see, the faster I went the faster he
came. I could hear his 'woof' right be-
hind me, an' sometimes I believed I felt
his hot breath on the back of my neck.
But I fooled him good and plenty."

"I'd crossed the river on my way up,
an' while the ice would bear me, I
knewed it wouldn't hold up no 1,500-pound
grizzly, so I headed for the river and out
on the ice. So did the bear, but not far
off. He went through an' kep' on. I
didn't even stop to see if he got out. I
was afeared he would."

"Oh—; you said you was pickin' straw-
berries?"
"So I was, so I was; but I didn't tell
the story, for it would be too long. That
bear chased me from August to January."

REVERSING THE LAW.

Instead of Proving Guilt, Govern-ment Requires Proof of Innocence.

From the New York Sun.

Discharged without honor, in the case
of Federal soldiers, black or white, is
not mere dismissal from employment.
It is degradation, deprivation of certain
rights, punishment as for a crime or mis-
deed.

Under the principles of the old law
such punishment can be inflicted with
justice only after a fair trial of each in-
dividual case, and in each individual
case the guilt by due process and ac-
cording to the forms provided.

By the new law the penalty falls on a
number of men, collectively, because they
"appear" to an investigating or prosec-
utor to be guilty of a crime together, and
to escape the punishment thus im-
posed by wholesale the individual must
prove his innocence.

Was there ever in the history of this
nation a more significant reversal?

A Different Place.

From the New York Tribune.

Prof. Matteucci, superintendent of the
Vesuvius Observatory, was dining with
some Americans at the Royal Hotel in
Naples.

The dining-room fronted the sea. The
waves crashed against the massive em-
bankment of stone, and showers of white
spray rose high in the sunlight air.

"This is heavenly. But what is it like
in your observatory when Vesuvius is
active?" a young woman asked.

"It is not like heaven," said Prof. Mat-
teucci. "It reminds me of a story about a
Neapolitan widow whose husband had
been dead some years. One night she was
suspended to go to a spiritualist's ses-
sion, and there the spirit of her dead
husband appeared and spoke with her."

"My dear Augustine," said the widow
to the shade, "are you happy now?"
"I am very happy," Augustine an-
swered.

"Happier than when you were on earth
with me?" asked the widow.

"Yes," replied the shade; "I am far, far
happier now than I was on earth with
you."

The widow was silent a moment. Then
she said:
"Tell me, Augustine; what is it like
in heaven?"
"Heaven?" said Augustine. "I am not
in heaven."

Unconscious Irony.

From Harper's Weekly.

A new England man says that one
night last winter when the thermometer
fell below zero his wife expressed her
concern for the new Swedish maid who
had an unheated room.

"Eliza," said the girl, remem-
bering the good old custom of her youth,
"as it is bitterly cold tonight, you'd bet-
ter take a flatiron to bed with you."

"Yes, m'm," said Eliza, in mild and ex-
pressionless assent.

In the morning the girl was asked how
she passed the night. With a sigh, she
replied:
"Wall, m'm, I gat the iron most varm
before morning."

Sacred and Profane Spelling.

From the New York Sun.

This badgering of the Public Printer,
this fuss over two kinds of spelling for
public documents, is shameful. Of course
there must be two kinds of public spell-
ing—one sacred, hieratic, the other de-
motic, one for Pharaoh and the high priest
of the Carnegie temple; the other for the
people.

Self-Criticism.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

The very fact that Senator Tillman was
invited to lecture in Chicago goes far to
justify the contemptuous opinion which he
holds and expresses of the Northern
people.

Town Topics.

A lady with fanciful notions.
Went to Pittsburg to pay her devotions.
And out she came
As get in the car.
She cut the long racks of Dakotians.
—Harvard Lampoon.

HEARD AT HOTELS.

"Do not think me an egotist or a boaster when I state to The Washington Herald that I am going to bring to the Jamestown Exposition next May an exhibit that for beauty, merit, and all-round attractiveness will eclipse anything that will be given to the public on that interesting occasion," said Mr. Philip S. Bates, of Portland, Ore., at the Ebbitt House.

"This exhibit that I will have the honor of bringing to the continent will consist of thirty-three of Oregon's fairest daughters, one from each county in the State, and each the bright particular star of her balliwick, the belle of the shire. No pampered darlings of society, no daughters of millionaires, these, but each and every one a healthy, robust, intelligent country girl, the offspring of sturdy farmer folks, the backbone and sinew of the republic.

"The story of their coming is a simple one. To the circulation of my paper, the Pacific Northwest, a weekly journal devoted to agriculture, I offered the trip to Jamestown and back to the most popular farmer's daughter in each county. The winners, of course, to be chosen by the minimum of subscriptions to the paper. Well, that contest ran the whole State, and the keenest rivalry ensued on the part of the fair contestants and their friends. In one county, which is as big as the State of Massachusetts, and has only about 3,000 people, the victorious candidate's subscribers ran away into the thousands of dollars. The winner is a particularly pretty girl, which is not long ago she performed a feat that few men could equal, that of driving a team of thirty-two mules, which she piloted from her father's ranch to the county seat and back as easily as a city girl could drive a Shetland pony to a wheeled cart."

"The speech that Hon. John Sharp Williams made at Waltham, Mass., two or three days ago was one of the greatest that has been delivered by any public man in the last decade," remarked Representative George Burgess, the well-known Texas Congressman, at the Normandie.

"It was a speech that not only the people of Mississippi, but of the entire nation, should take to heart, and it was of interest to the citizens of the South. In fact, Mr. Williams took direct issue with his opponent for the Senate, Mr. Vardaman, and showed conclusively that to adopt Vardaman's policy of trying to repeal the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Federal Constitution was impolitic, unwise, and dangerous. The amendments could not be repealed, and to even agitate such a proposition could only result in harm to the South. There was not a sentence in his masterly argument that struck at the heart of the matter; it was an appeal to the reason, the sober judgment, and the conservatism of his people, and that speech alone should elect him Senator from Mississippi."

"My country, the Territory of Hawaii, presents to sight-seers some of the world's grandest natural wonders," said Editor Thurston, of the Honolulu Advertiser, at the Sheraton.

"Although it is the youngest of lands with a geological history of but a few thousand years, it has deep valleys and high precipices, and living and dead craters that are not surpassed on the globe. The greatest single wonder is the Crater Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii, about a day's journey from Honolulu, and easily accessible. Here eternal fires throb and glow at the bottom of a great chimney 1,000 feet deep. The visitor can approach with perfect safety to the very edge of the pit. Unlike any other active crater, Kilauea has never been known to burst forth in a violent eruption, and it is the safety valve of the whole region. It is nearly eight miles in circumference, with an area of more than four miles.

"More inaccessible, but of still greater interest, is the famous Mauna Loa, with its wonderful flows of lava and its crater of intermittent activity. At its extreme summit snows are frequent, but to the tourist the mountain climber the ascent to this second highest point in the Pacific is fascinating."

"All in all, ours is a spot where the months of May and June follow each other in unending succession; a land where the sun is always shining, the air is warm, and the water is blue, and the scenery is beautiful beyond description, free from earthquakes and floods, and where fog, drought, famine, and other dread visitations are unknown."

"Illinois Republicans are justly proud of the results they accomplished in the last election," said Russell H. Scott, of Chicago, at the Riggs House, last night. Mr. Scott was once a Washington newspaper man, but for the past decade has lived in Illinois. Since locating in the West he has taken an active part in politics, and was assistant secretary of the Lorimer wing of the party in Chicago.

"Mi. Lorimer," he continued, "had to encounter an unusually fierce opposition. In the next Congress, the city press and other powerful interests, and the potential was his personality, and so strong his hold on the voters, that he won a magnificent victory."

"A new member of the Illinois delegation in the next Congress, and a man who will undoubtedly attain importance is Col. Frank Lowden, who made a great campaign for governor two years ago. Col. Lowden will take his seat in Congress at the coming session, to fill the place made vacant by the death of Mr. Hitt. He is a man of brilliant parts, and though he did not win the gubernatorial nomination in 1904, he came out of the light a bigger man and with more prestige than he had at the outset. In the Congressional race he was pitted against him one of the strongest Democrats in the State, but Lowden beat him by 2,000 plurality."

"While the country seems in a receptive mood toward taking a Southern man for the candidate of the Democracy in 1908," said Judge Asher Caruth, the famous Kentuckian who used to delight Congress with his clever wit, "I shall myself, ere the entries are closed, put a man in nomination. I hereby declare as my choice over all who have had honorable mention, that true Southern gentleman, orator, statesman, and philosopher, Col. Henry Watterson."

"Col. Watterson needs no eulogium at my hands. He has done more to promote the one great cause of Democracy—tariff reform—than all the public men of this generation put together. No one is so intimately associated with the 'starved goddess' as he. He would make a good and great Chief Executive, and under his benign and patriotic dispensation we would indeed have a nation of the freest, best-off, and happiest people under the sun."

Thoughtful Convict.

From the Catholic Standard and Times.

"Yes," said the warden,